



Lost



adventure

mystery

horror



Chapter 1 by Kemo-sabi

Birds chirping in the treetops above woke me. The dead leaves crunched beneath me as I sat up.
How did I get here? Who am I?

I got to my feet and ran. Ran to escape the realization that I can't remember anything about myself. Before I even made a few steps my foot caught something on the ground; smashing into the ground I let out a moan. I looked back to see what tripped me.

It was a body laying face down and halfway covered by leaves. A large knife was stuck in the back of the victim. I stared in shock. *Could I have done this?*

Chapter 2 by Kemo-sabi



I glanced around anxiously to check if there were any witnesses to what happened. No witnesses except the trees.

Think. Be calm and think. I tried to remember something, anything but, my heart was pound faster and faster as if it wanted to break free of my rib cage. *RUN!* With every beat of my heart, *RUN!!*, the thought grew louder, until it deafened me. I bolted off, away from the body and the chance I put it there. I kept running my legs and lungs were on fire, but I couldn't stop. I ran until

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Chapter 3 by Zoriex



Cautiously, I got up and began to make way towards the low rumbling of the sound of the engine. Maybe if I see what type of car is making that noise or what's inside it, I'll remember why I was lying face down in these dark woods surrounded by rotting leaves mixed with the deathly sweet sense of that body that I'd - I quickly shake my head and clear my mind of that wondering train of thought.

Soon, the rumbling of the engine became both clearer and louder. I didn't bother to pick my way through the brittle twigs and now drier leaves, thinking that the noise of the car would mask my presence. As I drew nearer though, I began to get more and more nervous. I'd k- I'd woken up next to a face down, dead man with a silver hunting knife in his back. What if people misunderstood me when I explained my story or lack thereof to them? I had to be cautious. Afterall, the fog in my mind was barely budging, meaning it was going to take a while before my memories returned and my amnesia to fully leave me. Until then, I had to remain calm and not let this entire situation collapse and break me.

Chapter 4 by Zacky D I guess



I approached the car.... It was a red car, and it had crashed into a stump, the windshield was completely broken, and the passenger side door had been torn off, the engine was exposed, and still running, the keys were still in the ignition, But there was no keychain, there was a medical kit that said it contained bandages, a knife, and disinfection cream, the knife and the disinfection cream were missing, but the bandages were still there, not all of them, the majority of the bandages had been launched to the front of the car, and the would have been flung out if the bandages hadn't have been caught on the zipper of the medical kit. I had no idea how this had happened, but it was obvious that the car had slid down the hill because of the tire tracks. I remembered the being inside the car and curiously unzipping the medical kit and then turning to see an oncoming truck.

Chapter 5 by wizards&whales



I had seen a truck. The image of its red and silver front swined to slowly into its way back into my memory. I remembered some... a brick. Perhaps there was more... I could remember if I just... I sat down in the passenger... head, trying to bring back images of what happened after the truck. Or what happened before. Why was my head...

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aching so much? I felt something wet on my finger tips. Blood. I had a nasty injury on my forehead. I then noticed the airbags were out of the dashboard.

For a moment, I felt terrified. This must have been the reason I couldn't remember anything. That truck made this car go off the road, I smashed my head, and then got out and did... what? Why had I wandered from the car?

Before my thoughts could go any farther, I made a big realization: something was in my back pocket. I fished into my jeans and pulled out a thick leather wallet. Inside, I saw a number of cards, including a driver's license that read, "Aiden Best", and a picture of a family. In the photo was me, I realized, a girl about my age, and a man in his mid-50's. At the sight of the man's face, a chill dashed down my spine. Could he be the same as...?

Chapter 6 by Herosavem'



No. I refuse to believe so.

If it was Him then I would most probably be a murderer.

I can't afford to think like that until I see for myself.

I start heading back the way I came from.

I stop, refusing to take another step. I somehow feel followed and slowly turn around. I spot a figure in the distance, standing.

"Hello there." i shout out "I was in a car crash and somehow ended up here... I can't remember anything and there was murder i think, I need help."

The figure only stands there, motionless.

I wait there, stunned by the man. He walks forwards "Your were in the wrong place at the wrong time kid."

I slowly approach the walking figure and to my surprise see someone who looks like they've been killed. I fall to the ground and start crawling backwards, but the man only gets closer.

"I never meant for this to happen." he cries out

As he approaches me, I realize that I've seen this man before.

"It's you..." i murmur "How come?"

I have no idea what I just said but that face. That face covered by leaves and dirt... He was the

reason I called myself a murderer.

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